

# THE WHITE OREO.

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## THE WHIG CREED.

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## CARROLLTON:

### "FATHER ALLEN."

We extract from the "St. Louis Beveille," a portion of a humorous account of "FATHER ALLEN," by Sol. Smith. No man can read it, without using his handkerchief.

"FATHER ALLEN" claims to be the father of the American stage. His real name is Andrew Allen, but he has changed it to Andrew Jackson Allen. The writer of the sketch gives the following account of his first acquaintance with Andrew Jackson Allen:

"The first character I saw performed by the subject of this sketch, was the Laird of Raissay, in the opera of the 'Highland Reel.' I next saw him in a raw-head-and-bloody-bones mixture of pantomime and melo-drama, entitled the 'Black Castle, or the Distressed Maiden,' in which he enacted an extremely savage-looking confidential servant to a villainous usurper, with slouched hat, overhanging feathers, broad belt with a very wide brass buckle in front, short sword and wide-sleeved gauntlets, and it was his peculiar character to attempt all the assassinations—to be most unmercifully beaten by men with clubs, and other rescuers of innocence—and to cry 'Confusion! foiled again!' and to rush off, shaking his dagger at the audience, and with a look at his victim which indicated, as plainly as looks can indicate, that it wouldn't be well for the aforesaid intended to let him catch her alone again, that's all! He made a great impression on me; and afterwards, when I saw him in *Adalino, the great bandit*, thro' the knot-hole of a pine-board under the boxes, where I had stationed myself in the afternoon before the doors were opened, my admiration was excited to the highest pitch! This was in the old Albany theatre in Green street."

We now give the remainder of the story, as prepared by the author:—

"Having paid all his debts in Albany, he proceeded to New York, where he engaged in the Park theatre, and was moderately successful in his slouched hat, broad buckle and short sword characters, until his creditors—for he had a way of getting in debt perfectly surprising to young beginners—became somewhat impatient and troublesome. One, in particular, determined to try the virtue of a *capias ad respondendum*, and employed a well-known and afterwards celebrated constable, by the name of Hays, to execute the same on the body of Father Allen. I may as well here state two things—first, my hero was, and is, particularly deaf, and, secondly, he has a way of speaking which conveys the idea that he is always laboring under the effects of a bad cold in his head, without a pocket handkerchief to help himself with. The reader will please bear these things in mind.

Young Hays—he was then young—found father Allen on the Park theatre steps—"Good morning!" said he, saluting the actor very civilly, but speaking in a very loud voice, for he knew his infirmity, and pulling out a small bit of paper—"your name is Allen, I believe?"

"Yes, Andrew Jackson Allen, at your service," replied the debtor, supposing the officer was an applicant for a front seat in the dress circle—"what can I do for you, by friedd?" continued he, patronizingly, as he gently tapped the ashes from his cigar—"It

is by bedefit, you see—*Battle of Lake Erie* sir, with real water—great expesse—fide play—we have met the edeby and they are ours, yon kdown—lots of doble ships, flags, guds and smoke—look at the bill, sir."

"That's just what I wanted you to do," replied the officer. "Here is a bill I want you to examine, and here is a writ requiring that I shall take your body forthwith before a Squire."

It was useless to attempt to misunderstand this plain explanation, for if he could not hear very well, he could see as well as anybody, and it was equally useless to attempt to escape; so, after quietly examining the papers, the *beneficiarie* of the evening gave a puff or two more at his cigar, and then, with a nod of the head, intimated that he understood the whole affair.

"Let's see—sevedty-two dollars—exactly; cursed ill-datured of by friedd Theofod to trouble you with this business; but dever bind, step into Bister Sibsd's roob with be, and I'll hadd you the about."

"Certainly, sir," answered Hays; and he followed the defendant into the theatre through a private door. I shall not attempt to describe the route they took, but it is said the officer was led up and down numerous stairways, over divers stagings, and through many dark passages and underground vaults, until he was completely bewildered. At length, in the midst of darkness, he was requested by his conductor to "hold on a minute."

"Here's Bister Sibsd's roob," said he; "wait ere till I see if he's at hobe."

The officer stopped stock still, as desired, for he had no idea which way to move, and waited patiently for the return of his prisoner, whose retreating steps told him that Mr. Simpson's room was not so near to where he stood as he had expected. After waiting for about ten minutes, he began to call the name of his prisoner in a loud voice. Suddenly a trap door opened immediately above his head, and, looking up, he distinctly saw Allen's face, lit up with a most benevolent smile.

"Well," inquired the officer, "have you found Simpson?"

"Do, by friedd, I havd't yet foudt that worthy gettlebad, but I do dot despair of beidg able to beet with hie sobe tibe this evedjg. Be so good as to wait there, by idterestidg friedd, while I take a good look for hie; it is bore thad likely I shall see hie somewhere between here and Philadelphia, for which city I ab about ebbarking."

"Embarking for Philadelphia?" fiercely exclaimed the officer—"No you don't! You are my prisoner, and must not move."

"By dear friedd," replied Allen, who had not heard a word the officer had said, but saw by his movements he was inclined to leave the place where he had located him—"you'd better dot stir, frob that spot till sobe of the lab-lighters arrive, for if you do, idasmuch as there are trap-doors all around you, rou'll fall forty feet or so, add that bight hurt you, you kdown."

The trap door was closed with a loud noise, and the next that was heard of father Allen, he was getting up an "ibhenseldantical piece, called *The Battle of Lake Chab-laid*," in Philadelphia. I have never learnt how the constable got out of the theatre, but I presme he was turned out. The return on the writ—"Executed by taking in custody the defendant, who escaped by misleading me into the devil's church, and leaving me to get out the best way I could."

The next I heard of the Father he was a manager of a theatre in Pensacola, where he played Abaelino and Caleb Quotem with great success. In 1822 he was in Cincinnati where I was editing a paper, and he was then engaged in sending up a series of balloons, in opposition to one Mons. Dumileau, and appealing in his advertisement to the patriotic feelings of the Cincinnatians to sustain his balloons, on the ground that they were the true American article, while those of Dumileau's were decidedly French.

He went into Virginia, causing balloons to ascend from every village. At one of his stands he found great difficulty in collecting together the proper materials for genera-

ting gas; nevertheless he advertised that the exhibition would take place; and providing a quantity of spirits of turpentine to burn under the balloon, hired a large garden, into which the Virginians flocked in large numbers, each paying fifty cents at the gate. When the hour of ascension arrived, the exhibitor found that with all his exertions it would be impossible to cause the balloon to mount! He had a number of juvenile assistants, who were busy about the inner enclosure, and to them he addressed himself; first handing an old bull's eyed watch to the foremost:

"Look here, by boys—I've got to go add purchase sobe bore *sulphuric acid*—you take this watch, add whed the hadd piodts at the hour of two, set-fire to this here turpentine—do you hear?"

They boys said they *did* hear, and promised obedience. The master spirit made his way to the gate, and requested the door-keeper to "hadd over the fudds; as there was such a crowd there was no telling what bight happen id the bustle." He then mounted a pony he had wisely provided for the purpose, and galloped off for the drug store—but mistaking his way he found himself at precisely two o'clock, on a very high hill, overlooking the scene of his late operations. The boys were true to their promise, and communicated the fire to the turpentine at the appointed time—the balloon went up, but it was in small flaky fragments; and the humbugged Virginians began to look about for the operator—but in vain! With \$600 in his pockets he was wending his way towards some city where gas could be more easily generated. In giving an account of this affair, our venerable friend says:—

"Dab the idferdal thidg! I foudt there was no use id trying to bakte it rise; so as I dislike bakidg apologies, I thought I would bakte byself scarce. When I got od that bill add looked back, the boys had set fire to the ballood, and such a sboke rose up—the whole village appeared to be od fire.—D—d if it didd't look like a youdg Sodob add Gaborroh!"

When Mr. Edwin Forrest began to rise in his profession, Allen determined to rise with him, and attached himself to that tragedian as costumer, in which capacity, and that of a fighting gladiator, he traversed this country and Great Britain, always taking to himself a full share of credit for "the boy's" success; "for," said he, "what would be the use of taled without the proper costume?" I am not informed of the cause of separation, but certain it is the great tragedian has managed to "get on" without the aid of the Father of the American Stage, for several years past.

"Noah's Weekly Messenger" says that the "Father" is still alive and flourishing in that city—as those who are in the habit of visiting the "Branch Hotel," in the Bowery, are no doubt well aware—and as also appears from an advertisement recently published in some of the daily papers, in which he informs the public that "he is not dead yet"—that "ingratitude has not killed him," "thanks to a clear conscience and a pair of silver leather breeches!" He has established himself at No. 1 Mulbury street, in "his old vocation of costumer, fancy dress maker, and manufacturer of his unapproachable gilt and silver leather," and informs us that he "makes helmets, masks, and all kinds of *paper mache* work, and stage properties of every description, from a *peny whistle* to a *BASKET ELEPHANT*!" The old gentleman leads, as far as we know, a quiet, industrious and upright life.

BASHFULNESS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.—Goldsmith, in the midst of all his luxuriant playfulness, was easily put out of countenance. Miss Clara Brooke, being once annoyed at a masquerade by the noisy gaiety of Goldsmith, who laughed heartily at some of the jokes with which he assailed her was induced in answer to repeat his own line, in the "Deserted Village"—

"And the loud laugh which spoke the vacant mind." Goldsmith was quite abashed at the application, and retired, as if by the word *vacant* he rather meant barren than free from care.—Taylor's "Records of my Life."

The Magnetic Telegraph is in operation between Buffalo and Lockport.

OREGON.—Letters recently received from settlers in Oregon, are published in some of the western papers. The writer of one in the Independence (Mo.) Expositor says—he writes to his brother—

Last year I raised 1500 bushels of wheat—this year I think I will have 3000 bushels. I have a large farm lying eight miles from ship navigation, worth as much as half the county you live in. I have a large building in Oregon City, that has cost me about \$7000. I have also property in the city of Multnomah, and also in the town of Tinton. Oregon City lies on the east side, and Tinton 20 miles below, at the head of ship navigation. I have beside 70 head of cattle, 15 head of horses, 20 hogs, chickens innumerable.

With regard to the honor heaped upon me in this country, I am High Sheriff and Territorial Marshall of Oregon—I have been going around the circuit together with the court officers, and have to start to the mouth of the river in the morning to the county of Clatsop. We have five counties in the territory, viz: Clackamas, Yamhill, Clatsop, Twality and Clatsop. As for our connection with the United States, we are almost independent of Uncle Sam. For some time past I have been employed taking the census—the number of souls is 184,000.

Now, as respecting Oregon, I have explored the whole country, and think it the finest upon the earth—the soil is very good—the timber so tall that I have seen 18 rails cut 11 feet long, gotten out of a tree 20 inches through at the butt. The climate is fine too; I have not seen any ice this winter, we have had five months rain without intermission; still our stock keeps fat without feeding them any; the grain here looks like your clover fields in June. Come to Oregon, and make your children rich, and live happy yourself. Should you move to the country, bring two or three hundred heifers, as they are the best property in the country. There is not half the trouble and danger in coming here, that you think—if you start, half the trouble is over.

We discover that CHARLES CASSEY, Esq. of Tennessee, is about to produce a memoir of LEMUEL P. MONTGOMERY, who fell at the battle of the Horse-Shoe, and whose name is impressed upon the recollection of many a gallant achievement, wrought in his country's service. The book will also contain memoirs of Col. Lauderdale and Col. Henderson, and "an accurate history of the Southern war."

We hail the production of this work. It is but a just tribute to the merit of a distinguished and patriotic soldier.

We find already among the subscribers to the work, the names of almost all the distinguished men of the nation:—Henry Clay, James K. Polk, General Jackson, Hon. J. J. Crittenden, Governor Jones, Colonel Richard M. Johnson, Col. Benton, Judge Catron, Professors Yandel and Caldwell, Rev. Dr. Edgar, Rev. Dr. Bascom, Rev. A. L. P. Green, Col. Nathaniel Terry, Gov. Fitzpatrick, Judge Collier, Gen. Croghan, Rev. Dr. Manley, Hon. J. D. Phelan, Dixon H. Lewis, Hon. W. L. Yancey, Professor S. S. Sherman, Prof. J. Hartwell, Hon. J. C. Calhoun, President Philip Lindsay, Professor Nathaniel Cross, and a great many other eminent men of other States.

Messrs. Sullivan & Finney, Middleton, and James Collins, Esq., Carrollton, will receive the names of subscribers to the work.

DREAFUL OCCURRENCE.—Last evening, at a quarter past 8 o'clock, one of those melancholy occurrences took place in the St. Louis Hotel, from which our city has been so long free. Captain Joseph B. Carson had a difficulty with Mr. Thomas M. Wadsworth, some few weeks since, which resulted in the Captain sending the latter a challenge. The details however, could not be agreed upon, and no resort was had to the *duello*. Last evening the two met in the St. Louis Exchange, when Carson asked Wadsworth if he intended to give him satisfaction for the injuries he conceived himself laboring under? Wadsworth asked him what satisfaction did he want—drawing at the same moment a loaded pistol from his pocket, and shooting Carson directly through the heart. The ball penetrated through the second and third, traversed to the right, struck the lungs and fractured a rib on the right side. Carson immediately fell back and in a few minutes expired. Wadsworth surrendered himself to an officer of police, and was committed to the parish prison.—*Ibid*.

The mother of ex-Mayor Harper died recently in New York.

PROSPECT OF WAR.—Upon this subject, the New Orleans DELTA of the 24th ult. holds forth in a lengthy leader, in the following strain:—"We have for some weeks past been endeavoring to impress upon our fellow-citizens the fact that a collision between this country and Great Britain was by means an improbable event. We find that after long reflection our city cotemporaries have at last fallen into our views, and really think that there may be something in—that difficulties may arise, and that they may prove of that insurmountable character which would render hostilities necessary. we are glad that they have come to this conclusion, in order that the whole of our people may be prepared for the event, and not repose in a dream of peace till they are awakened from their slumbers by the reports of hostile cannon.

If the 'Union' be really the organ of the Administration, then a peaceful settlement of our disputes is a thing which we may wish but can hardly hope for; and we might as well at once buckle on our armor and be prepared for the fray.

But we are not one of those who believe that under present circumstances, war would be immediate. The recent failure of the corn crops in Great Britain, and of the potato crop in Ireland, may make Great Britain for a time hesitate. But this hesitation would not be long. Give notice to her as we are bound to do, that we shall conclude the joint occupation of Oregon in a year—and she may wait till the year expires, and we attempt to take exclusive possession of the territory, before she declares hostilities. On the other hand, she may attempt to foecastell us, and with her Pacific fleet take immediate possession. But in the latter case she would hardly declare war, but force us to do so."

CREVETON LOOKING UP.—The correspondent of the N. O. DELTA, at Galveston, Texas, writes the following favorable account of "matters and things in general," at that place:—"Years have passed over since Galveston has exhibited so much life and animation as it does at the present time. The harbor presents a very respectable supply of shipping, among which the New York and Galveston lines are conspicuous. Buildings, dwelling-houses and stores are in progress of erection in every part of the city, and a very extensive and most substantial wharf has just been completed, in addition to the three old ones. In manufactures too we are not behind hand: a foundry has been in successful operation for some months, and its enterprising proprietors have recently completed and put up their first sugar mill.

Our hotels and boarding-houses are filled—the finest shrimp in the world—oysters in abundance, and living cheap.

The season for cotton picking and hauling, and for sugar cane, has never been more favorable, in the recollection of our planters, than the autumn months of this year. Our crops are short, in consequence of the drought of last summer, but the favorable season of gathering will repay much of the loss. Noble specimens of sugar cane are brought down from the Trinity and the Brazos, and the western part of Texas is said to be still better adapted to its cultivation. About 2000 bales of cotton have been shipped, about 2000 more are now in Houston, and it is estimated that near 10,000 more will be hauled to that place."

THE CELEBRATED JOHN WILKES.—Wilkes was among the persons who were suspected to be Junius, but though witty, pleasant, and humorous, he never could soar to the dignified height of the great inscrutable censor of times, who threw firebrands among all ranks without distinction or remorse. Upon one occasion he displayed his sarcastic humor on Royalty, for he said "he loved the King (George the Third) so much, that he hoped never to see another."

Upon having a snuff-box presented to him to take a pinch, he said, "No, sir, I thank you. I have no small vices."

One evening, when the House of Commons was going to adjourn, he begged permission to make a speech, "for," said he, "I have sent a copy to the Public Advertiser, and how ridiculous should I appear if it were published without having been delivered.—Taylor's "Records of my Life."